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The
Latin
School
Register

Summer Issue

Vol. LXII

June, 1943

No. 6

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to the needs of the paper and the merits of the
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JUSTICE

It is a curious sort of Justice that has good men perish for no fault of their own. The scales have been misbalanced, and we must set them aright. It is only that men forget so quickly. They forget those of our generation to whom no justice can be rendered. They forget those who sacrificed to the last full measure, and got no just return.

But the High Court straightens out the account. In the long run, the scales are always even. That is God's way.

I.

After the last War there were many German children whose fathers were dead and whose mothers were starved. They were good children; handsome and straight, they never wept nor whimpered like others who went hungry. And the world was sorry for them, even though their fathers had caused much misery; the world decided to foster these children who never wept nor whimpered, and fed them and gave them love. The world was sure that love, once given, is returned.

The people of Norway felt close to these little ones, and because Norway was a rich and happy land, they took many of them into their homes. They made these children their sons and daughters. They fostered them and fed them and gave them love. The people of Norway were sure that love, once given, is always returned.

These children who never wept nor whimpered grew up to be tall, straight young men. When they had taken all the love that Norway could give them, they decided to return to the Fatherland. They kissed their foster-mothers, they kissed their sweethearts, they spoke in words of love. They said that some day they would return.

That day came, and they did return.

But there was hardly a handful to try to keep the scales even. There were hardly five or six to return what they had borrowed. And even for them, it was a mighty struggle. . . .

II.

Eric was born with eyes blue and clear as the skies. His hair was the tint of gold. His back was straight as a rod, his slender legs sturdy. He came of good Norwegian stock, and he lived not five miles from the great port of Trondheim. Eric, with his blue eyes and golden hair and straight, slender body, was born to a destiny. It was a cruel destiny; but Eric always kept his chin up.

He was a tiny child, always; whatever strength there was in him was in his soul, and not his body. As a young boy he never liked to fight, and was often bullied; he wept at times, too. But he never bent his head.

Eric was an only son, and his first friend was the German boy whom his parents took in. Fritz (a sensitive child, he kept his surname to himself) was precisely as old as Eric. His hair was black and glossy, like coal; his eyes smouldering and dark.

There should not be many German youths whose hair and eyes are black; the Germans who like to say that they are Nordic, are intensely proud of their blue eyes and light skin. Fritz resembled Eric in his sensitive features and deep eyes. He was more powerful, and not so slender; but at night, when Fritz and Eric slept side by side, their hands clasped even in slumber, and the dusky shadows falling all about, there was little to tell them apart. They were truly brothers under the skin.

Fritz was sombre and silent, sullen at times. Eric was merely quiet; for he became emotional more easily, and in later days was to show a quicker, though not more fiery, temper. Fritz was the brighter in school, when he tried; he was the better mathematician in the higher grades, and more apt in chemistry. But Eric thought and felt more profoundly; he was always in love with someone or something, and could always find some wretched thing to pity and soothe. Eric would have been a great poet; would have written the Norwegian epic, if he had had the chance. Eric might have become a great man. No one ever learned what made Fritz's eyes smoulder so, or what there was in his heart to make him toss in bed at night while Eric lay quietly; no one ever learned whether Fritz, too, would have been a great man.

In their childhood the two brothers (as they were called) were inseparable. Fritz took Eric's side always, and taught him to fight. Eric began to be a stoic, and tears came rarely to his blue eyes. Eric began to assert himself and his sweet nature. Eric learned many things from Fritz; and Fritz learned from Eric, as things turned out, the one thing he needed most to know.

Eric was impulsive as a child; and before he learned the trick of easy grace, he wore his heart on his sleeve for all to see. Fritz, except for rare moments in childhood when he betrayed his affection for Eric, never once showed any emotion stronger than gratitude—unless it was hate. But Fritz was as sparing with his enmities as he was with his love. There were few people—only Eric, Eric's young sister, Eric's mother—who were sure of a place in Fritz's heart. And of them Eric alone could have been said to claim Fritz's childhood love.

A wise, kind person would have said that Fritz, orphaned early in life, was cast in a bitter bewilderment. He would

have said that Fritz was the brooding, pensive, doubting type of child that might have a mother's tender love to give him a feeling for right and wrong; for such children must have something to cling to, some ideal to shape their lives; and if they must cast about in desperation for support, for an ideal upon which they may lavish their efforts and belief, they often make the wrong choice. If in their youthful uncertainty they seize upon falsity instead of truth, evil instead of good, there arises a terrible tragedy. The scales are balanced, and a generation is given a misdeal in the court of Men's Justice.

III.

The years, in the good life, run their course quickly. As Eric grew, his eyes took on a deeper, less childish hue of blue, and his slender frame was carried with a more manly grace. Fritz, slowly, arduously, was thawing out after the unnatural numbness of his childhood days. Gropingly, in inarticulate bewilderment, he began to love Eric's sister. Awkwardly, at first, as a brother; painfully, later, as a lover.

Under the deep blue of a Norwegian sky, before the cool breeze of a Norwegian spring, the three would sit and talk, Eric and Fritz with their boyish pipes, Eric's sister in a girlish frock. They would talk of the sea, of ships and other lands; they would talk of life, what little they knew of it. They would talk of school, and the two boys would explain at great length the mysteries of physics. And then shyly, in hushed and tender tones, Fritz would talk of love. Eric would listen for a few moments, smile in his yet childish way, and edge off to the woods close by. Many times did the blue Norwegian sky gaze down upon a cloud of pipe-smoke curling slow-

(Continued on Page 14)

FROM HERE AND THERE

Put away your lunch and let's get to work. Ye ed wants to be like Neal O'Hara today. Well, here we go:

(1) What Latin School grad was known as "Boston's First Citizen?" (2) On what headmaster can the institution of misdemeanor marks be pinned? (3) What is the name of the corps which is being run in competition with Colonel Penney's boys? The answers will be found somewhere in left field. . . . Let's put on our specs and earn our pay. . . . During one of the assemblies, we undertook the Gargantuan task of counting the bulbs in the hall. You can remain calm now: there are only three hundred and twenty bulbs in the Assembly Hall. Oh, Brudder! What a sling-shot would do. . . . Another boy has made good. Roy Larsen, a Latin grad, is publisher and president of "Life" and "Time." "Life" was his own profitable idea. . . . In 1862 when the boys were rough and tough, a football game between the Boston Public Latin School and the Epes Sargent Diwell Private Latin School lasted two hours and forty-five minutes without a stop. . . . In the Bedford Street Schoolhouse boys were warned against playing demoralizing games of marbles and pitching pennies. . . . In 1910 the passing mark was raised from an unearthly forty-five to the present mark of fifty. . . . Clipped from the 1923 REGISTER. "We miss the face of Mr. Levine who is touring the continent of Europe on a year's leave of absence." (Only the face?) . . . Mr. Lord used to be cartoonist for several New England papers and various magazines. . . . In 1928 this was voted the happiest occurrence of the year by all except the sharks: "Approbation cards have been banned, discarded, ostracized, chucked, and expatriated." They would have to

come back in 1929. . . . Moo! The old-time scholars used to be "larned" in a barn in Cole Lane (now Portland Street) "Deare Island" was improved for the maintenance of a "Free School for the Towne." (Some of the descendants of graduates still live there in an institution, singularly reminiscent of the school which used to occupy that site.) . . . Clipped from an ad of an old REGISTER: "A rich old lady, cured of Deafness and Pains in the Head, gave \$10,000 to Dr. Nicholson's Institute for Artificial Eardrums, so that deaf people unable to procure eardrums may have them free." . . . Compared with the yearbook of 1900, the present issue is Brobdingnagian. That year the yearbook had only fourteen pages. . . . This year the Sullivans lead the clans in the number of representatives in the school. They have twenty-seven stalwarts as compared with twenty men for the Cohens and fifteen for the Kelleys. . . . Shucks, brother, if you don't win a prize at Latin School, you are not very smart, or the wheel of fortune runs against you. Latin is an El Dorado of prizes. Last year, four hundred seventy-eight prizes or honorable mentions were awarded. In a four-year period one has over 1,600 chances of winning a prize. . . . Well, here are the answers: (1) Henry Lee

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examinations

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Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was called "First Citizen of Boston." . . . (2) It was Head Master Gould who thought of torturing boys with misdemeanor marks. . . . (3) They are the Kitchen Commandos under the generalship of Mr. McGuffin. Enlistments will be accepted at Room 333. Step this way. The only physical requirement is that you must be able to

breathe. . . . Latin School was founded on the 13th of the second month, 1635, according to the Julian calendar. When transposed to the Gregorian calendar, we find that it is April 23. Each year the graduating class celebrates its Class Day as close as possible to this date. . . . Let's make Hitler go back to his old profession. Buy Bonds and Stamps.

MYRON H. GOVERMAN, '43

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE REGISTER

1903—Boston Latin won every football game this year. Only one team scored against us and defeated us. This was Salem High. As a feature of the Brockton Fair we played Brockton. Among the unusual teams on our schedule were Groton, Melrose, Thayer, Somerville, Bridgewater, Medford, Newton, Hopkinson, and Brookline.

1908—A radiator has finally been installed in Room 18. It is hoped that heat will succeed where the cold didn't and disperse the various debating societies which gather outside the room. . . . Contact was made with the Boston Latin School in England. . . . A group from this school visited the President of the White House and were granted an audience with him.

1913—There is a great deal of competition this year with the other Latin school papers. . . . An advertisement appeared telling the boys to wear Derby hats for their health.

1918—The pictures of boys in the Yearbook appeared according to their rank in the class. Wow, should I be embarrassed!

1928—English won the Reggies from us for the tenth successive year. Alumni Numbers had contributions from Messrs. Santayana, Muzzey, and Faxon. An advertisement appeared

from Waterman, the undertaker, guaranteeing good service to Latin boys. The swimming team had a successful year.

1938—Coach Fitzgerald didn't crack jokes and Mr. Marson refrained from puns (April fool). . . . A twenty-cent commission was given for REGISTER ads. . . .

M. GOVERMAN, '43

⊙ Wholesale prices extended to Latin School Students on their Athletic good purchases. Secure identification card from Mr. Cleary. Be sure and see our spring values on baseball and tennis.

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THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



March 24: Class I met in the Assembly Hall today. Messrs. Powers, Dunn, Cleary, and Russo advised us anent the A-12 and V-12 programs. Verry enlightening!

March 25: Squat sitting place—ow, oh, oh—well? No, Siree,—just oh!

March 26: Part of today's bulletin had to do with proper attire in the classroom. Although zoot suits and pegged pants are not specifically banned, they are certainly frowned upon. Ackerman please take notice.

March 29: *Es ist Verboten* (by Mr. McGuffin). (1) To eat at a table without a permit. (2) To eat at a table. (3) To eat. Don't worry; those spuckies aren't good, anyway!

April 1: Even the masters were playing April Fool jokes on each other today! The only thing that wasn't funny was the test we had in physics. That period's theme song was "This Is No Laughing Matter".

April 2: Army and Navy tests were given this morning in B.L.S. As was to be expected, (ahem!) Latin School students did well. At least, they all said so. "Albie" Gould learned the importance of yawning during the morning.

April 5: "But, sir! We can't have a test today! You said. . . Sigh! NO! NO! AAGH!" We fall to the floor, stricken mortally, but to no avail. We still have the test.

April 6: Pardon the nose, but just what is that melodious chant which issues forth every now and then from one of the first-floor rooms? Sounds like "Take one mark now; see me in the morning. YOU'RE going to get the limit" Very mysterious.

April 7: Always wondered why so many B.L.S. boys are to be found at the Boston Public Library. Needless to say, 'tain't the books. And by the way, isn't she fascinating in a fascinator?

April 8: So sorry, please. No bits of brainy buffoonery for today, chilluns. Old C.E.E.B.'s are just around the corner.

April 9: J-j-just one m-m-more d-d-day. Ye R.R.R. ran from the Poetry Club meeting to the Stamp Club meeting to the Poetry Club meeting to the. . . Whew! Wait 'til we catch our breath!

April 10: Kindly omit flowers. C.E.E.B. exams today for six hours!!! . . . What Junior Commando leader got in the way of an active stirrup pump, operated by what possessor of an enormous file system? WE know!!

April 13: Hats off to Sir Lee. After a too, too brief discussion of the handling of bombs (during the fourth period) he came to the rescue with the plans for Class Day and Graduation. Saved!

April 14: Those enthusiastic players (in Room 219) of that great American game Monopoly wish to announce that they will challenge any three players in the school, provided, of course, that they are "well versed" in the proceedings. Well?

April 15: No, no, Lemmel, that wasn't an earthquake this afternoon. Just

several Seniors, shaking in anticipation of the rumored "pungent" Class Will and Prophecy. The four perpetrators of the outrages will be escorted to and from the Assembly Hall, we have learned, by the "A" squad of Phys. Ed. (Those who can do TWO pushups.)

April 16: Today is Class Day. The Class's Oration, Prophecy, and Will were read. There was a large basket beside the roster for the fruit and vegetables thrown at the speakers, and a large stew was made from the articles placed therein. Oh, well. . . .

April 17 to 25: Zzzzzzz . . . hic . . . zzzzz . . . burp . . . zzzzzzzzzzz. . . . If you haven't guessed what we mean, we'll tell you! VACATION!

April 26: Colonel Penny thrilled his audience tonight over Station WMEX. Let's hope that prize drill will add to his glory.

April 27: Reports have it that Dr. Pond has been sent to London as an all-around authority on obnoxious gases. After having examined twenty-thousand B.L.S. boys' "piggies" in search of athlete's foot, the change should do him good?

April 28: Ye R.R.R. came pretty close to pushing up the daisies when he was met, upon arrival at school, by eight lunging Juniors from whom, he now recalls, he promised to get his ticket for the forthcoming dance.

April 29: No more hiding behind tailor's shoulders for the members of 302 and 219. They went for their first dip today. By the by, did they ever find Hennessey?

April 30: An urgent S.O.S. was sent out from 317 this afternoon by Mr. Falvey. Seems that the Morse Code class was all set to take a test, and the tube in the oscillator (No, that's not what you're thinking of J.P.K.) suddenly disappeared. I wonder.

May 3: My, my, how the captains are bearing down in drill in preparation for Friday. I still think that whip is a little obvious, however, Ed.

May 4: The History Club held a short meeting this afternoon. Passes were given out for having the club picture taken Wednesday. Levine, gum in hand, collected the club dues.

May 5: Sight you'd never think of seeing and do: Twenty Seniors at this evening's Alumni gathering sitting in the front row of the Assembly Hall smoking stogies! Surprising, eh, wot?

May 6: Cigars et cetera (and that covers a lot) were again in evidence this evening at the Class Banquet. Although the Lenox was still left standing, it was indeed discreet of Dr. Rafferty to suggest a bit of bowling (of which sport he is an ardent supporter), for we still had plenty of ginger left at the evening's end.

May 7: The uniforms which were shrunk in last year's street parade came to light today for Prize Drill. Congrats to Vols. Logan and Caldwell. Tonight we saw "The Bat", and shivered with fright. We still can't believe, however, that any G.L.S. student is even forty, or especially, sixty years old!

May 10: Well, fellas, guess this the last time Ye R.R.R. will make a "Sunday night before the deadline date, Monday" entry and it's the one we know you've been awaiting for some months. Hoping you've overlooked our corny puns and cornier subtleties, and, before we pass on, expressing to you our preference for roses, we bid you a hasty farewell. Pull up the curtain, MacLaren, and let the two harps and the schlemmiel take a bow. Hope you've never divulged any state secrets to one or all of these three:

WILLIAM F. HENNESSEY,
DANIEL S. GOLDENBERG,
and JOHN P. McMORROW.

— ON WRITING FICTION —

If only I could get a plot,
I'd be among that happy lot
Who, with their picture and their name,
Are listed in the Hall of Fame.
I pull my hair; I rack my brain;
I walk the floor as if in pain. . . .
A plot comes quickly to my mind;
I scribble, write, and then I find
It was no plot-ng not at all;
But just a book I'd read last fall.

EMANUEL PAUL KELLY, '45.



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ALUMNI NOTES

Some of the strange happenings in the lives of our service men are almost incredible. Friends from the home town often meet on a far-distant battlefield. One of the most interesting meetings of this kind is that described in a recent letter from Aviation Cadet J. F. Sullivan, '39, U.S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida:

"—Well, it's quite a thrill flying these bigger planes. They are much faster, and you have many more things to do while flying. I had my check to solo yesterday, and you'll be surprised to hear who my check pilot was. His name is Gorman, a 1st Lieutenant in the Marines, and captain of the Latin School football team in 1937. We had a great chat, and he gave me many flying pointers. He told me to request him as my flight instructor when I start my training tomorrow. I'll be up with him tomorrow. He's a wonderful flyer, and I hope to learn a lot from him. Just during the check period alone, he taught me more than my instructor had. Well, little did I think that eight years ago at the Latin-English Thanksgiving Day game that the Latin School captain and I would be flying together in the Navy some day." . . .

Lieutenant John Faunce Roach, '31, U.S. Navy Medical Corps, has been commended by Admiral Chester W. Nimitz for meritorious service and efficient performance of duty as an assistant medical officer of the ill-fated *U.S.S. Lexington*, in action against the Japanese in the Coral Sea battle of last year.

The citation, accompanying the commendation read in part:—"With utter disregard for his personal safety, he treated the wounded and directed the removal of casualties from a dark and smoke-filled compartment frequented by violent explosions. His cool courage and

professional skill undoubtedly saved the lives of a great many men who without his assistance would inevitably perished." . . .

The following is the latest supplementary list of the Latin School boys who are serving their country in the armed forces. The names herein published have not appeared in any previous edition of the *Register*:

Aviation Cadet Joseph F. Sullivan, '38, U.S. Navy.

Private Lawrence A. Dwyer, '35, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Marshall Kriedberg, '32, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieutenant Edward Bond, '13, U.S. Army Military Police.

Lieutenant John J. Renner, '37, U.S. Army Signal Corps.

Lieutenant William Renner, '33, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Major William Shannon, '09, 6th Port of Embarkation.

Private 1/c James Flanagan, '38, U.S. Army Engineers.

Lieutenant Joseph O'Brien, '33, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant David McNally, '37, U.S. Army Ordnance.

Seaman George Aylward, '40, U.S. Navy.

Private Leonard Hurwitz, '40, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Officer Candidate Eliot Cowan, '37, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Howard Richard, '31, U.S. Army.

Seaman 2/c Herbert Nathanson, '41, U.S. Navy.

Cadet Bernard Berger, '42, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Private Hyman Schneider, '39, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Cadet Joseph Grossman, '42, U.S. Army Air Corps (MET).

Private John Canney, '40, U.S. Army.

Captain Thomas Cross, '36, U.S. Marine Corps.

Lieutenant Arnold Silver, '37, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Private Richard Smith, '40, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Nathan Epstein, '27, U.S. Army (FA).

Lieutenant Harry White, '36, U.S. Army Signal Corps.

Ensign Robert O'Hare, '36, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Lieutenant John Maloney, '32, U.S. Army (FA).

Corporal Joseph Feeney, '32, U.S. Army.

Corporal Henry Mason, '32, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Captain Thomas Casey, '36, U.S. Army (FA)

Captain John Casey, '34, U.S. Army (FA).

Lieutenant H. A. Kettendorf, '35, U.S. Navy Construction Corps.

Lieutenant William Dugan, '29, U.S. Army Reserve.

Private Eugene McAuliffe, '36, U.S. Army.

O.C. Albert Gerte, '37, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Private F. J. Gillis, '40, U.S. Army.

Ensign Robert Rodman, '30, U.S. Navy.

Corporal William Cadigan, '37, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Benj. Bell, '28, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Ensign Ronald Woodberry, '36, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Lieutenant Simeon Domas, '28, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Ensign Robert Greenberg, '38, U.S. Navy.

Midshipman Joseph Fernald, '39, U.S. Naval Academy.

Lieutenant Norman Bruce, '26, U.S. Naval Medical Corps.

Private Irving Lipson, '38, U.S. Army Signal Corps.

Lieutenant Lewis Noreott, '38, U.S. Navy.

Private Phillip Stone, '38, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Stuart Finer, '32, U.S. Army.

Ensign Alfred Rosen, '32, U.S. Navy.

Major Edward Smith, '34, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Robert Sullivan, '34, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Ernest Vogel, '28, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant Henry Follen, '20, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Private Walter Fader, '40, U.S. Army (FA).

Yeoman Warren Gustus, '40, U.S. Navy.

Lieutenant Samuel Temple, '11, U.S. Navy.

Ensign Leonard Levine, '36, U.S. Navy.

Sgt. Thayer Warshaw, '36, U.S. Army.

Captain Solomon Glassman, '35, U.S. Marines.

Lieutenant Joseph Carroll, '27, U.S. Army Engineers.

Lieutenant Henry Myers, '33, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Ensign George Schlichte, '39, U.S. Navy.

Lieutenant Charles Doherty, '34, U.S. Army (CA)

Midshipman, John J. Smith, '41, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Private Nathan Robinson, '32, U.S. Army.

Major Phillips Boyd, '22, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Private Joseph Soloman, '39, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant John Hankey, '35, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Major Robert Feinberg, '24, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant Charles Callanan, '19, U.S. Naval Reserve.

Ensign Irving Garbin, '35, U.S. Navy.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Clohesy, '38, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieutenant Donal Sullivan, '29, U.S. Army.

Major Frederick Nisson, '26, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Charles D. Peterson, '28, U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps.

Lieutenant Max Klainer, '29, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Sgt. Carl Radlo, '29, U.S. Army.

Private Newton Levine, '32, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Richard Maguire, '31, U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps.

Lieutenant Edward Meilman, '32, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant Joseph B. Barron, '34, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Private George Bennett, '34, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Sgt. Oscar Cohen, '34, U.S. Army Chemical Warfare.

Lieutenant Stanley Kanter, '34, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant Sylan Linchitz, '34, U.S. Army.

Lieutenant Paul Massik, '34, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Corporal Leonard Sullivan, '34, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Winisky, '34, U.S. Army (FA).

Lieutenant Harold Brown, '35, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant Salvatore Bruno, '35, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant Robert Kaplan, '35, U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps.

Lieutenant Leon Levinson, '35, U.S. Army Medical Corps.

Lieutenant John P. Schwede, '37, U.S. Army.

Captain Richard J. Wolfrum, '37, U.S. Army (FA).

Lieutenant Lester J. Murphy, '38, U.S. Army (FA).

Lieutenant Manuel Dana, '28, U.S. Navy.

Lieutenant John Hagerty, '28, U.S. Navy.

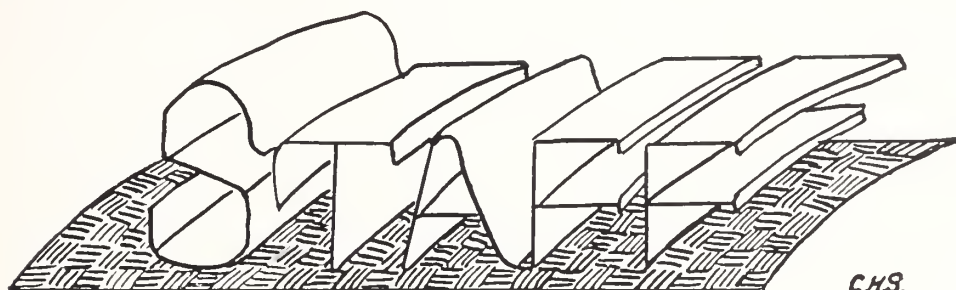
Ensign Abraham Cone, '30, U.S. Navy.

Lieutenant Robert Grimes, '33, U.S. Navy.

Ensign Joseph Greenberg, '36, U.S. Navy Medical Corps.

Ensign Eliot Snider, '37, U.S. Navy Ordnance.

From Here and There—Another graduate of the Latin School has recently earned a reputation for himself in the radio world by being awarded first prize in a national contest. He is Robert Charles Toland, '30, who recently heard his play produced on the radio in a coast-to-coast network. Jean Hersholt, Hollywood star, considered the play worthy enough for him to star in. . . . According to the latest information, Bertrand Klass, '40, has recently been elected treasurer of the Zeta Beta Tau Fraternity at the University of Kentucky. . . . Among the many civilians now working for the United States Government in the battle area, we find Robert Winternitz, '11. Mr. Winternitz, known for many years for his fine work in the field of foreign languages is now making foreign language broadcasts from overseas under the direction of the Office of War Information.

**Executive Chairman**

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Julian Snyder

Alumni . . .

Harold M. Band

Art . . .

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ly upwards, and the blue Norwegian sky would envy the cool Norwegian breeze that could push aside the smoke to see what happened within its mist.

But Fritz's heart had been frozen to a morbid rigidity, and he was slow—as were all his generation, born to bitterness and bewilderment—in releasing the founts at the depth of his soul. He groped about, seeing with blurred and partial vision. Fritz followed an irresistible instinct in loving Eric's sister and caring for Eric; but deep within, where there should be a throbbing joy and gladness, there was yet cold, yet the uncertainty of what was Right and what was Wrong, wherein lay Evil and wherein Good.

When Fritz should still have been sitting beneath the deep blue of a Norwegian sky, and learning all the wonders of Life, he was called back to Germany. When Fritz should still have been sitting besides Eric's sister, groping humbly to say simple things, he was called to learn a new language and a new code of Right and Wrong. Fritz had nearly forgotten how to hate. He was called back for a few more lessons.

At Trondheim on the first day of June in the year of 1937, Fritz stood by the sea, and searched his heart for things to say to Eric and his sister.

To Eric he said, "You are my brother. I will not forget."

To Eric's sister, he merely stammered. When Eric seized an opportune moment to turn his back, he shyly kissed her cheek. That was all.

And then from the ship he shouted, "I will come back. Only wait for me, I will come back."

IV.

On the ninth day of April in the year of 1940, Fritz came back. He came back, in the company of many boys on many

ships, to renew several acquaintances. Fritz was rather unique: he was not quite sure.

It was a jest of Circumstances that on that day there were many Norwegian boys who were to report to reserve mobilization. Among them was Eric. Not an hour after dawn Eric was in the garden with a rusty gun in his hand and a shabby uniform in his back. Eric was not very happy; you see, he had a hunch that one of these days his brother Fritz would come back from Germany to his childhood home, and Eric wanted very much to be waiting in the garden when that day came. It was a very foolish worry, as things turned out.

It was a jest of circumstance, too, that on that day Eric's sister had arisen early and hurried into the fields to pick some flowers. She wanted to present Eric with a farewell bouquet. She wanted, too, to be alone beneath the cool blue of a morning sky. She had so many things to remember on that particular morning, so many things to look forward to. She was worried if Fritz should some day come back (as she knew he would), he might not easily find the way to the farm. It was a very foolish worry, as things turned out.

And so Eric was sitting in the garden, and Eric's sister was in the fields, and both were thinking of Fritz. Their thoughts were of love.

It is hard to tell what were the thoughts that passed through Fritz's mind as he made his journey. His eyes were dark and fiery, as if a fire raged wild behind them. The flame was that of uncertainty. Wretched Fritz was not sure, like the others. He had learned his lesson well. A fine-looking boy, Fritz. Eric was handsome only when he smiled and turned his blue eyes upon you, and then you felt as if you were looking into the sky. But Fritz, on that

morning in March, was like Apollo himself.

That was the very comparison that ran through his mind—or shall we say the heart—of Eric's sister, as she lifted her eyes to see Fritz running across the field to her. He had a tiny flower in his hand that he offered as a gift. Then he kissed her. For a moment they were still, hardly breathing, two children in each other's arms. Then Fritz turned and ran off to the garden.

Eric sat with his eyes turned upwards upon the morning star, his rusty old gun upon his knees. "What a beautiful world!" he whispered. "What a beautiful world!" He rose, upon his lips the sweetest smile of happiness.

Fritz walked through the shrubbery and stopped, not five yards from Eric. For an instant they were as two statues.

Eric's gun clipped to the ground. With his quick heart, he sensed that there was no love in Fritz's eyes. But it must be somewhere deep inside, he knew. To bring it bubbling forth. . . .

His hands were extended in a brother's sign of love, tears of joy streamed from his eyes . . . his blue eyes. . . .

Fritz looked into Eric's face, and the old thoughts came rushing back. There is a higher duty, a stronger call. The others had been frozen. But there was

no ice in Fritz's heart. There is no freezing love's stream.

The old thoughts came rushing back, and Fritz's arms went out.

V.

Today they sleep together, Eric and Fritz, in the garden by the sea. The snow is white on the good Norwegian soil, and the sky smiles down his blue kindness from above.

Eric's sister is gone, and the farm is bare. There is great wretchedness stretching far off on all sides, in every house, behind every lighted window at night; but it does not enter the garden. The air is fresh and clean, and the wind sweeps by to the sea.

For these there is no Future. Do not talk to *them* of the glorious things to come. For these there can be no repayment. Their devotion was supreme, their sacrifice—all.

It hardly matters how they died. They died for Norway. It is a symbol of the Higher Justice of our day that they passed on as brothers. They have earned with their valor a greater Brotherhood. They sleep today side by side, hands clasped in slumber; and when twilight embraces the garden, with the dusky shadows falling all about, there is little to tell them apart.

DANIEL RUDMAN, '43

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Mechanics Outscore Scholars

February 24, 1943: The Boston Latin hockey team lost to a superior Mechanic Arts team 4-1. Hunter scored the only goal for B.L.S. after breaking from his defense position. Handling the puck in an all-star manner, he pulled the Mechanics goalie out of position on a beautiful feint, and then hit the net with a low back-hand lift. Latin's defense was loose enough to permit M.A. forwards to break through and score four goals.

The Latin line-up: G., Burns; R.D., Gould; L.D., Hunter; R.W., Tessier; L.W., Lewando; C., Kelley. Spares: Comerford, Villa.

Summary

First Period:

Goals: Foley (M) (Wall) 9:32

Penalties: Black (M) (board check)

Comerford (L) (cross check)

Second Period:

No Scoring

Penalties: Tessier (L) (leg check)

Third Period:

Goals:

Bourneman (M) (unassisted) 1:46

Foley (M) (unassisted) 4:42

Hunter (L) (unassisted) 9:43

Swift (M) (Bourneman) 9:57

Penalties:

Fitzgerald (M) (interference)

Comerford (L) (tripping)

Fitzgerald (M) (high stick)

Krant (M) (extra man)

Latin Trips Dorchester

February 12, 1943: The Purple and White sextet extended its string of undefeated games to four when Dorchester High School was defeated 1-0.

Dorchester took the puck at the opening center, but was driven off by "Bob" Hunter before they could dent the Latin defense. Latin came back, with Rafferty going deep behind the Red and Black net. A back-handed pass to Kelly rang

up the first marker, which decided the game.

In the second period "Vin" Lewando came near scoring on a pass from Lou Lessier, but a fortunate save kept the net clear.

In the dying minutes of the game Villa, teaming up with Kelly, kept the opponents hemmed in.

The Latin line-up: G., Burns; R.D., Gould; L.D., Hunter; R.W., Rafferty; L.W., Lewando; C., Kelley. Spares: Tessier, Villa, Comerford.

Summary

First Period:

Goals: Kelley (L) (Rafferty) 3:13

Penalties: Farrell (D) (leg-check)

Second Period:

Penalties:

No Scoring

Comerford (L) (cross check)

Comerford (L) (tripping)

Cannon (D) (slashing)

Third Period:

Penalties: Comerford (L) (roughing)

Kiernan (D) (roughing)

Tessier (L) (tripping)

Trade Ties Latin

February 5, 1943: The Boston Latin hockey team fought to a 2-2 tie against a hitherto undefeated Trade team. In the absence of "Johnny" Flynn, our situation looked bad, but it was a lucky Trade team that managed to tie a greatly improved Latin outfit.

Latin played a defensive game during the first period with Goalie Burns coming up with many "typical Brimsek" saves. Toward the end of the period Lelong of Trade scored.

Wasting no time in the second period, Rafferty, taking the puck from Hunter, skated around the opposing defense and passed to Kelley for the score. Latin continued playing heads-up hockey, with Hunter and Lewando throwing many scares into the Trade fans.

Latin scored again in the third period, when Rafferty caged the puck on an assist by Gould. Trade put on the pressure and, after seven minutes of nerve-racking play, tied the score. Latin fought back desperately, but the best she could attain was a tie.

The Latin line-up: G., Burns; R.D., Gould; L.D., Hunter; R.F., Kelley; L.F., Lewando; C., Rafferty. Spares: Villa, Tessier, Hamilton, Harwood.

Summary

First Period:

Goals: Lelong (T) (unassisted) 8:49

Second Period:

Goals: Kelley (L) (Rafferty) :38

Penalties: Gould (L) (leg check)
Malloy (T) (tripping)
Villa (L) (tripping)

Third Period:

Goals: Rafferty (L) (Gould) 1:36

Anzak (T) (unassisted) 8:42

Penalties: Capone (T) (tripping)

English Hands Latin Defeat

February 18, 1943: English High out-scored the Latin hockey team 2-1 to win the Boston Conference title.

Latin, resuming full strength, after two penalties, kept English hemmed in with peppery shots. A sudden break away, through the Latin defense, gave the Blue and Blue their first red-light.

The Scholars came back in the second period with a terrific offense. An apparent goal was not awarded due to a pile-up in front of the English goal when the puck slipped through the net. Arguments began, which resulted in more Latin penalties.

Midway in the third period Villa took the center near the English goalie from Tessier and banged it into the net for the tying marker. Latin continued its offensive, and again English broke away, with Gill ringing up the winning marker and the title.

The Latin line-up: G., Burns; R.D., Gould; L.D., Hunter; R.F., Rafferty; L.F., Lewando; C., Kelley. Spares: Comerford, Villa, Tessier.

Summary

First Period:

Goals: Cronin (E) (Caputo) 8:20

Penalties: Lewando (L) (charging)

Kelley (L) (illegal check)

Cronin (E) (interference)

Second Period:

Penalties: Lewando (L) (tripping)

Lewando (L) (interference)

Barry (E) (cross check)

Third Period:

Goals: Villa (L) (Tessier) 4:35

Gill (E) (unassisted) 6:20

Penalties: Hunter (L) (extra man)

Kelley (L) (tripping)

Barry (E) (check in center zone)

Barry (E) (board check)

Latin Downs Dorchester

April 27, 1943: Boston Latin School opened its baseball season by defeating Dorchester High School, 10-8, at Draper Field.

The feature of the game was Paul Kelley's one-hit relief pitching. Latin tied the score three times before deciding the tilt in the eighth by the timely hits of Collins and Burns.

Latin Outhits Commerce

April 29, 1943: The brilliant pitching of Stan Brenner defeated Commerce High, 7-6, at Smith Field, Brighton.

A plucky Latin nine came from behind twice to take the lead and then held onto a one-run advantage. The competition was not as close as the score, however, as Latin outplayed and outhit their opponents.

B. L. S. Beaten by Errors

May 1, 1943: Taking advantage of mistakes and maintaining an air-tight

defense, St. Mark's road to a 7-2 win at Southboro over the Purple and White nine.

"Lou" Tessier and "Bill" Gallagher

gave three hits over the nine-inning route, but fourteen errors cancelled their efforts. Burns, Rittenburg, and Gallagher were the only players not to miscue.

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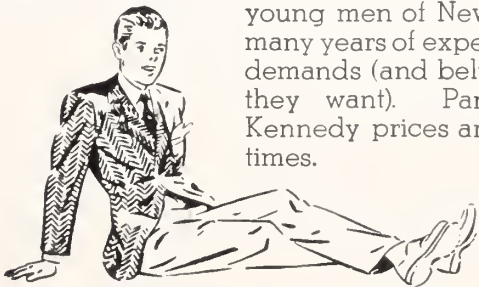
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